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His Idea of Justice.
The historian, had
the idea of justice. A friend met
him one day walking along the street,
and a street boy with either hand,
in the world are you doing,
John? asked his friend. "I found
instead of dividing with his little
friend, I am going to buy another for
myself and make Johnny
white while he eats it."

THEIR DEATHS ARE JOINED IN MYSTERY

A Bullet Ended Scout Bennett's Life.

SUICIDE FOLLOWS TRAGIC END OF CLARA SCHNEIDER

Veteran of a Score of Indian Fights Kills Himself at Camp McKinley and Is Found a Decomposed Corpse Yesterday.

FRANK P. BENNETT, the chief teamster of the United States Army at Camp McKinley, a noted Indian scout, and for over two years past one of the most striking figures on the streets of Honolulu, was found dead yesterday afternoon in his room at the camp.

A bullet hole in his head and a big revolver clamped in his decomposing hand showed how he had driven the spirit from his body, and a letter on his table written in the firm, bold fashion of the man who had feared little in life, told his composure a few moments before he pulled the trigger.

If Bennett had lived a few hours longer he would have been asked by the police of Honolulu to explain his relations with Miss Clara Schneider, who was discovered in a dying condition on last Wednesday at the home of Paul Neumann, and who passed away at 1 o'clock that day without giving utterance to a word.

About the death of the woman and that of Bennett is wrapped a mystery which has been penetrated only far enough to show that the pair were close intimates, and that Bennett chose rather to plunge into the unknown than to live on.

What this man who had laughed at death a thousand times was afraid of can only be guessed.

Put down in sequence the meagre facts of the story that could be gathered last evening are as follows:

Miss Clara Schneider, a comely woman of thirty-three, died on Wednesday afternoon at the Neumann residence on the C. L. Carter premises at Waikiki near Sans Souci. She was the cook in the household, and when she failed to appear on Wednesday morning and repeated knockings did not bring her to the door of her room, the door was forced and Miss Schneider found on the bed, fully dressed and unconscious. Doctor Walters was called and used every means to bring her to, but failed.

At five minutes past one o'clock she was a corpse. All the indications were of morphia poisoning, and Chemist Shorey took her stomach for examination. Morphine was found in it with food showing that she had taken the drug with something eatable.

Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth made a thorough search of Miss Schneider's room for the receptacle in which the poison had come but without success. He picked up only this note:

I thought you was to come up last night after the others was asleep and I looked for you until three o'clock in the morning and you don't know how I missed you—went to sleep thinking of you.

This note was in a man's hand and its reading sent Chillingworth on a hunt for the writer.

He talked to the servants and the Neumann family. It was intimated to the deputy sheriff that the dead woman had been friendly with Scout Bennett, the Oriental servants being very firm in the assertions that the "man with the big hat and boots" had been the cook's sweetheart.

Chillingworth put the note in his pocket and sought to compare it with Bennett's writing.

He was able to do this secretly, and on Saturday made up his mind that he

would ask Bennett where Miss Schneider got the morphine which killed her. No more of the drug, nor any box or bottle in which it had come having been found in the woman's room Chillingworth concluded that she had

Col. Ennis said, "I never saw him wear those clothes before."

The scout's familiar broad-brimmed Stetson and high boots were near by.



Frank E. Bennett Who Killed Himself.

not bought it here, but had obtained it from someone not a druggist. It might have been administered to her without her knowledge.

There was more than a hint of foul play in all the circumstances surrounding the case. Other police matters pressed the deputy sheriff hard on Friday and Saturday, and he was kept in court prosecuting minor offenders until late. The Schneider mystery was on his mind however, but Saturday night opium and gambling raids detained him until the small hours.

He set Sunday afternoon to see Bennett. At 4:30 o'clock came a telephone message from Camp McKinley that a man was dead there and that it was a coroner's case.

The deputy sheriff got six men after a half hour's skirmishing and hastened with them to the camp.

Lieutenant Hancock, the officer of the day, directed the party to the corral near which Bennett had his room.

"Who's the dead man?" asked Chillingworth.

"Frank Bennett, the head teamster," replied the lieutenant.

One might have knocked Chillingworth down with a ti-leaf. Death had asked Bennett the question, "How was Clara Schneider poisoned?" and he had answered with his soul.

He had written, "I don't know where I'm going, but think it's the longest trail I ever started on."

By the time the deputy sheriff and

the jury with Dr. Pratt, of the Board of Health, had walked from their carriages through the camp to the corral, they were followed by dozens of soldiers who whispered of what was to come under their breaths, and in little groups waited outside of the building while the party went in.

The sentry who parades night and day about the quarters in which Bennett had been housed, challenged the newcomers as they mounted the steps of the building. Major Ennis, commanding the post, who had been sent for from his residence, came up with the key of the door, and it was thrown open.

The scout lay on his face prone on a mat, an army revolver in his right hand half hidden under his side. The worm had already claimed his own, and only those used to such scenes could withstand the sight.

Dr. Pratt pointed out a bullet hole in the top of the head. Bennett had probably put the muzzle of the Colt in his mouth and fired upward. Likely he lay on his back when he did it and turned over in his agony.

He was all dressed in black, a cutaway coat buttoned up tight. He had planned it all and donned the ceremonies of the dead as tribute to the future.

Colonel Ennis said, "I never saw him wear those clothes before."

The scout's familiar broad-brimmed Stetson and high boots were near by.

day afternoon. The man had not seen Bennett since Thursday, and as was his wont when seeking him in his room he climbed to the window and looked in. The body of the scout on the floor made him give an excited alarm, and after Major Ennis had taken one glance he sent for the police.

Bennett was last seen, it was stated on Thursday evening, December 13. A number of people saw him down town on that night. The soldier who did sentry that night about the corral neither saw nor heard anything out of the way. The note to Major Ennis was dated December 13. The day sentry thought he heard a shot about 9 o'clock Friday morning, but at the time made up his mind that it was the snapping of a board.

On the table beside the notes was a bundle of clean linen, and Major Ennis said that the soldiers had said that the Chinese laundryman entered the room on Friday and deposited the bundle.

Someone had seen him retreating from the building shaking and mumbling as if he had seen a ghost. But the Chinese had not said anything of the fearful occupant of the chamber, and only the curiosity of Teamster Alexander discovered the frightful actuality.

The officers of the camp, while knowing Bennett well had not much insight into his private affairs. He was a quiet man, as Clara Schneider was a quiet woman. Neither gossiped his or her heart or purse to others. Only Bennett could have made plain the woman's affairs and she his.

Bennett was a man in whom much confidence was placed by Major Ennis. Years in the army had made him a trusted agent. He came and went when and where he pleased, and if away a day the routine of the corral of which he was master, ran itself with the capable assistants he had trained.

He lived in a room in a long wooden building near the corral alone, and often sat up all night reading. Insomnia aggravated by neuralgia, made sleep a stranger to him at frequent intervals. Though he seldom complained of his illnesses, he had remarked once, "that no one knew how much he suffered."

He never drank intoxicants say his familiars. If he used morphine or other narcotics, it could not be learned. Probably he did as neuralgia and insomnia are keen provocatives to their use.

Bennett had claimed to be hard up lately. He had borrowed money from one of the officers at the camp. Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth says that undoubtedly the scout handled the financial affairs of Miss Schneider. When Chillingworth searched her room he found the following memorandum, which turned out to be in the handwriting of Bennett:

Principle.	Interest.
\$300, 7 per cent	\$21 00
20	5 00
25	5 00
10	
Interest	\$31 00
Principle	65 00
	\$96 00

\$400.00 at 7 pr. ct. for Sep. and Oct. making 28 pr month.

This memorandum had doubtless been given to Miss Schneider by Bennett, her sweetheart. Miss Lemke, the wife of Tailor Lemke, who lives on Punchbowl street, also knows something of the finances of the dead woman. Miss Lemke has ten shares of McBryde stock which she was keeping for Miss Schneider. Rather, Mr. Lemke has the stock, and he acted as a sort of adviser in investments.

The revolver used by Bennett was a 32-caliber Colt, and had been borrowed by him from one of the army officers. It was on Tuesday or Wednesday that Bennett asked for it on the pretense that he wanted to kill rats.

Just the exact day when he got it could not be ascertained last night. Possibly he was intending to send someone else out of the world with the weapon. Bennett was familiar with revolvers but apparently had not one of his own. So far advanced in decomposition was his corpse that Dr. Pratt had difficulty in locating the bullet wound in his head, but it seemed almost certain that he fired the bullet through his mouth. Five of the six chambers of the revolver were still loaded when it was taken from the dead man's hand.

AT THE NEUMANN HOME.

An Advertiser reporter called last night at the home of Paul Neumann, where the mysterious death of Miss Clara Schneider occurred last Wednesday afternoon, taking the first news of the suicide of Frank Bennett. Upon hearing of Bennett's suicide the residents of the place were much agitated, as Miss Schneider was very popular in the household and her death a cause of sincere grief. Mr. Neumann stated that he could give no information additional to that which had been given at the inquest of the unfortunate girl, but it was learned that Bennett had several times called upon Miss Schneider during the absence of the family.

"I knew nothing about him, or of his calling upon Clara," said Mrs. Neumann, "except what I learned through the servants. Our Japanese gardener told the Japanese housegirl that the cook, meaning Miss Schneider, had a sweetheart—a big, fine looking man, with a large hat and a mustache, in a uniform. He pointed Mr. Bennett out one day when he rode by, and said that was the cook's sweetheart, because he had come to see Clara. She had a picture of him like the one published in the paper, hanging up in her room."

When asked about the money which it was said had been borrowed by Bennett from Miss Schneider, Mrs. Neumann said she knew nothing except

FORSAKEN DYING.

Chinese Turn Sick Countryman Out.

AFRAID OF DEATH IN THEIR HOUSE

Three Orientals Under Arrest—Drugs Sold Without License.

THREE very much frightened Chinese are at the police station. They were arrested last night on suspicion and pending an investigation by the department.

These men turned a dying man, according to their own story, out of their house that he might not die in their house and so bring bad luck to them.

The police are of the opinion that there is the possibility of some foul play in the matter and consequently the three men who admitted that they put their countryman out of doors to die are behind the bars, where they can be found when they are wanted.

Wun Ching was the name of the man who is dead.

Wun Ching was a resident of Pearl City and he has a brother there who makes his living washing and ironing.

Wun Ching's occupation was charcoal burning.

The deceased came to Honolulu last Friday and was complaining of feeling very sick at the time.

He told his friends in town that he was suffering great pains and that he was going to a friend to secure certain medicine which would be sure to relieve him.

The sick man went to a Chinese on River street about noon yesterday and was there provided with certain medicines. That is, it is alleged that he went to this man on River street and was served with a drug of some description. This point still remains to be proved, although the police are pretty sure that such was the case.

After receiving the medicine the deceased went to Iwilei, where he was staying in room No. 2 in the Government laundry.

It seems that three other Chinamen were also staying in the same room.

Soon after the sick Chinese returned to the room he became violently sick at his stomach and showed other signs of being very seriously ill.

The three Chinese, who are now in jail, seeing that the charcoal burner was likely to die in their house, immediately hustled him out of doors.

They had the humanity, however, to procure a blanket and spread it upon the ground in the road that the dying man might not have to lie in the dirt. After they had done this they secured a lantern and placed it at his head, after which they retired to their room and left him to pass away all alone.

Wun Ching died, evidently a very few minutes after the three others had left him to his fate.

Neighbors soon afterwards discovered the body of the Chinese lying in the road and immediately communicated with the police.

The first supposition was that murder had been done and indeed the case, in many ways, was shrouded in mystery.

The police were not long in arriving on the scene. The patrol wagon conveyed the body to the police station, taking along at the same time the three Chinese who had turned the sick man out of doors.

It was shortly after 5 o'clock yesterday evening when the charcoal burner was turned out by the other three. It was probably about 5:30 when the man died.

Doctors Emerson and Pratt held a post-mortem examination in the case at the police station last night. A coroner's jury was impaneled and will meet this afternoon at 2:30 o'clock.

The Chinese on River street of whom the deceased procured medicine is, it is understood, in the habit of selling medicines to his countrymen, although he has no license so to do.

Wun Chung was a man advanced in years and sparsely built.
